

TIME TO DO RIGHT

Dr. Talmage Moralizes on Daniel's Experience

IN THE BOLD LIONS' DEN

The Respect Even of the Worst Men.
The Lord Can Shut the Mouths of
All Kinds of Lions.

MOOREHEAD, MAY 19.—Dr. Talmage took for his subject today the character of Daniel, and drew from it lessons of great practical value for the young men, of whom so large a number are always to be seen among the most eager and attentive listeners in the Tabernacle congregations. His text was Daniel vi, "Daniel was first."

Where in romance can you find anything equal to what Daniel was in reality? A young man, far away from home, imprisoned into the most magnificent and most disolute palace of all the earth. The king, wishing to make this young man a prodigy in personal appearance, orders his attendants to see that he has plenty of meat and wine, and Daniel refuses these delicacies and feeds on a vegetable diet, refusing everything but pulse and water, waving back all the rich viands with a determined "No, I thank you." He surmounts all the perils in brilliancy. As this can rise higher and higher in the firmament it puts out all the stars, and if there is anything the stars hate it is the sun.

Daniel becomes so much of a favorite with King Darius that our young hero is promoted to be prime minister or secretary of state—the Frelinghuysen or the Blumenthal of the ancients. But no man ever attained such high position without exciting the envy of others. The meanest and whitest passion of the soul is jealousy. You see it among all professions and occupations. I am sorry to say you see it as much among clergymen as among other classes of men. It is a passion bitter as gall and it is immediately recognized, and yet, though it blackens the man who indulges in it, it will kindle this fire which consumes only themselves.

There were demagogues in Babylon, who, highly appreciative of their own superiority, doubted the policy of elevating such a young man as Daniel. They said: "Why, we know more than he does. We could manage the public affairs better than he can manage them. The idea of putting Dan in such a place as that." Old Babylon was afraid of young Babylon. They began to plot his ruin. He was an illustrious target. The taller the cedar the more apt to be struck with the lightning.

THE MALICE OF DEMAGOGUES.
These demagogues asked Darius to make an undesirable decree that all who within thirty days shall ask a petition of any one except the king shall be put to death. Darius, not mistrusting any foul play, makes such a decree. The demagogue have accomplished their purpose, for they knew that Daniel would not stop sending petitions to his God; and Daniel, instead of being frightened by the decree, went three times a day to his house for prayer. He is caught in the act. He is condemned to be devoured by the lions.

Such a healthy young man will be for the lionine monarchs the best banquet they ever had. By the rough execution of the law he is hurried away toward the den. I hear the growl of the monster and their pawing of the dust, and as their mouth is placed to the ground the cold earth quakes with their belch. The door is removed and Daniel is thrown into the den, which was all darkness with fiery eyeballs that seem to roll and creep in the corners. They approach the defenseless man. Their appetite was sharp with hunger. One of them, their jaws, one crunched his teeth and he would have been lifeless. A strange welcome Daniel receives from the monsters. They fawn about him. They cover his feet with their tongues. They are struck with the thought. That night Daniel's sleep is calm and undisturbed, with his head pillowed on the warm neck of the tamed lion.

But King Darius was not so happy. He loved Daniel and he hated the strategy by which his favorite had been condemned. He paces his floor all night. He cannot sleep. At the least sound he starts and his look ceases with horror. A cold conscience will make the bravest man coward. He wakes eagerly for the dawn, which seems so long in tarrying. At the first streak of light he runs out to find the fate of Daniel. The palace gates open and he heavily beholds him while yet the city is asleep. He comes to the den. He looks through the crevices, but sees nothing. He dare not speak. Expecting the worst, his heart stops.

Gathering strength he puts his mouth to the rift in the rock and cries, "Oh, Daniel, is thy God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee from the lions?" An answer comes rolling up out of the deep darkness: "Oh, king, live forever. My God hath sent his angel and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me." The young man is brought out and the demagogues who made the plot are thrown in. But they hastily struck the bottom of the den when their feet went, and their bones cracked, and the blood spouted through the rift, while the lions roared and shook the rocks with their terrible roar, announcing to all ears the truth that while God defends his people, the way of the wicked shall perish.

JEALOUSY IS CRUEL AS THE GRAVE.
Now you see from this subject that in the eyes of many the greatest offense you can commit is success. Of what crime had this young man been guilty that he should come under the bitter hatred of the demagogues? Why, he had got to be prime minister of Babylon. That they could not forgive. He held in this office a touch of human nature. As long as poverty pinches you, and you run the gauntlet between the taxgatherer and the landlord, and you have hard work to educate your children, there will be multitudes of men to say: "Poor fellow. He ought to succeed. How sorry I am for him." But after the million you begin to emerge from the darkness. That was a mental torment. You purchased at just the right time. Fortune became good natured and smiled. You believed your own house was on top. You sat on the first row, and

these late sympathizers stand on the corner of the street. They move as you from under the rim of their hats. You have more money now than they have, and you ought to be scowled at from under the rim of their hats.

Before you get fully past you hear a word or two. "Stock up," says one. "Didn't get it honestly," says another. "Will burst soon," says a third. Every stone in your new house was laid on their hearts. Your horses' hoofs went over their nerves. Your carriage tires cut their necks. What have you done, outrageous culprit? You ought to be cast to the lions. You have dared to achieve success. Depend upon it that if in any one respect you rise far above your fellows—if you are more truthful, more wise, more eloquent, more industrious—the shadow of your success will chill somebody. The road of honor and virtue is within reach of the enemies' guns. Jealousy says, "Stay down, or I will knock you down." In a malice a snowflake said to a snowbird, "I don't like you." "Why don't you like me?" said the snowbird. "Because," replied the snowflake, "you are going up and I am coming down."

Success is often a synonym for scorn. The first thing a man wants is religion. The second is grit. If you do not want to face wild beasts you must never get to be prime minister. If you are now, as a young man, rising in any one respect I bless God for your advancement, but I wish to say before I quit this thought, look out for the lions. Young merchants, young lawyers, young physicians, young ministers have much sympathy, and kind advice is given them at first, but as you become your own masters and begin to succeed in your different occupations and professions, how is it then, young merchants, young lawyers, young physicians, young ministers? How is it then?

THE FIRM FOUNDATION OF FAITH.
Again, behold in our subject an exhibition of true decision of character. Before Daniel were condemnation and death if he continued faithful to his religion. Yet, just as before, three times a day he prayed with his face toward Jerusalem. There is nothing more fatal for the religious or worldly advancement than a spirit of indecision. How often youth is almost gone before the individual has determined upon his profession.

There are those who for thirty or forty years have accomplished nothing, yet because they have not felt themselves settled. They have thought of the law, of medicine, of merchandise, of mechanics. They have some idea of going west. Perhaps they will go east. Perhaps they won't. They may go north or south. Perhaps they will invest their money in railroads or in real estate. Perhaps they won't. They are like a vessel starting from New York harbor, which should one day decide on going to Liverpool, and the next on New Orleans, and the next on Marseilles. How many men have for a long while been out on the great sea of life and do not know to what port they are destined? It is an everlasting tacking of ship, but no headway.

The man who begins to build a house in the Corinthian style and when half way up concludes to make it Doric, and then completes it in Ionic will have an unsightly pile and be cursed of every school of architecture. These men that try everything get to be nothing. God writes in your brain and engraved on your bones what you ought to be. Then be that, nothing more or nothing less. In that direction is your success. Every other road is ruin. Having adjusted your compass go ahead. Set your teeth together. Small difficulties do not notice. Great difficulties, by God's grace strike them down. Onward! Let towards skulk. Act like lions of God.

If you want to sail to the land of gold you must double the Cape. To usefulness and strong character there is no overland route. Over the great deeps you must fly. Most of the way it is either head wind or tempest. Character, like the goldfinch of Topeka, is magnificent splendor in flight. There is no such thing as failure to those who trust in God. Paul got to be an apostle by falling off his horse. Stephen was stoned into heaven.

When a young man resolves on a religious life he does not always find it smooth sailing. Old companions laugh and say, with sarcastic tones, "He has got to be pious." They go on excursions, but do not ask him. They prophesy that his religion will not hold out. They call him "long faced." They wonder if he is not "getting wings." They say sharp things about him for themselves to laugh at. When he passes they grimace and wink and chuckle and my loud enough to be heard, "There goes a saint." If you have never seen life as it is you know not what strength of resolution is often required for a young man to be a Christian.

SAID DANIEL NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.
Again, let this story of Daniel teach us that the way to future success is through present self denial. Not only did Daniel show his willingness for self restraint by refusing the luxuries of the king's table, but must have denied himself much social enjoyment and sight-seeing in order to have attained most wonderful proficiency in study. The rush of the chariots under his window and the sound of mirth that rang out on the air of Babylon would have attracted most young men into the streets and to expensive places of amusement.

But Daniel knew that it was only through severity of application he could attain the honorable position for which he was intended. Indeed, you may carry this truth into universal application. The most of those who have succeeded in any profession or occupation have come up from the very bottom of the ladder. The brightest day begins with the twilight. The admiral who commanded the armies of the world started as cabin boys.

The merchant prince whose managers are ships and whose servants the nation's custom houses once swept the shore and knickered the first. The orator who lifts up the gates of the soul, as Sumner carried off the gates of Greece, once stumbled and blushed on the stage of a country school house. The young painter, under whose pencil shone blossoms and waters gleam, underneath his subject as well because he had but little to shelter him from the one end is obliged to find his only leverage in the other.

Out of the dark, deep mines of want and suffering has been dug the marble for the world's greatest statues and the golden and silver of success. Vanderbilt,

the artist, must first content himself with a charcoal sketch. Franklin, before becoming the renowned philosopher, must be a journeyman printer. Columbus must weave carpets before he can weave hemispheres. David must take care of his father's sheep before he rules Israel. Amos must be a herdsman before he becomes a prophet. Daniel must be the humble student before he rises to be the prime minister of Babylon.

If a young man starts in life with large notions of what he must immediately have, willing to consider no economy, but expecting with a small ship to surfeit as much sail as an ocean frigate, he will find himself captured by the first northeaster. It is the small sprig that you can carry in one hand which will thrive best when planted. But if, by levers and huge lumber wagons, you bring down from the mountain a century oak, though you may plant it, you cannot make it live. So he who begins life on such a grand scale and with such exorbitant notions, will never succeed, while some young man who went to town without means, but having a right spirit, through his self denial, planted a tree which has reached above Wall street and flung its shadow in one direction over the granite palaces on the avenues and in the other far out over merchant vessels anchored in the bay.

Men say success in life is all a matter of good luck, but industry and economy and self denial put together always make good luck. There are young men who failed twice and are getting notes shaved the third time before they are as old as their father when he first began business for himself. They started with the idea that their wit would do as well as capital. For awhile it did, but when creditors sent their duns and banks their protests, they found that more shrewdness was greatly below par. You cannot cross the ocean in a yawl.

THE POLLY OF AMBITIOUS IGNORANCE.
A young eagle, far up in the mountain eyrie, says to its winged mother, "I will fly no longer from tree to tree as you tell me, but like you, mother, I will swing from this Chimborazo peak to yonder Chimborazo peak." Like an arrow it shot into the heavens, but when over the awful chasm its head was dizzy and its wing weak, it began to whirl downward, and with wild scream, until it struck on the rocks. A traveler passing through the gorge saw the mangled remains of the eagle. "How came you to have this fall?" said the traveler. "Ah, me," says the eagle, "it was because I would not fly from tree to tree until I was old enough, but headstrong I started from Chimborazo peak toward Chimborazo peak."

If young men would seize the advantages of intelligence it will be by great economy of time and the refusing of many forms of gratification. Show me a man who, refusing many of the frivolities of gossiping youths, can see more to attract his attention in the pages of a treatise or a history than in the flash of bright eyes or the airy step of those who find more skill in their heels than their heads, and I will show you a man who will yet master languages and away a very superior over his fellows. Many an education which is now considered complete is made up of a smattering of newspapers and the last page of a fashion magazine.

The parlor and the drawing room cannot educate us. They may give us outward adornments of manner, but getting valuable knowledge is like hawking at a forge, bellows in one hand and hammer in the other—like digging in mines with crowbars, prying under the ledge and the constant bang of blasted rocks. Especially is it true that no growth in grace is possible unless, like Daniel, we are willing to take up the cross, however heavy it may be and rough with nails. Moses chose affliction with the people of God rather than the pleasures of sin, and if we would be anything like him we must be willing sometimes to choose the hard bread of self denial rather than the imperial clusters from royal vineyards.

To get strength and depth enough in rivers for turning mill wheels and canals, factories, dams are built across them, and then through the mill race the quick floods leap on the water wheel to turn it with tremendous power. So nature that would otherwise have been powerless and insufficient by self restraints have been dammed back and deepened until, with concentrated power, they rush into the world, turning its ponderous machinery of important interests.

Unrestrained men may have much good in them, but it is so scattered that you see no positive effects. Electricity in the air does not strike, but gathered in the cloud with its bare rod arm it cleaves the mountain. Passions harassed and yoked make excellent beasts of burden. However attractive may be the sinful offers of the world, though rich and luscious and tempting, if the king's table, we must be willing to return them, if nothing be left us but plain pabulum.

Oh, how we want the faith and courage of a Daniel and a Paul, but how we dread the hot atmosphere of trial, in which their graces ripened. The richest fruits of religion grow in the saltry tropics of trial. If you want pearls you must dig for them. If you want gold you must dig for it. The richest part of California and Australia are under ground. Depend upon it, if no pruning, no fruit, no climbing, no elevation; no battle, no victory; no cross, no crown. Had there been no Nebuchadnezzar there would have been no Daniel. Even so it has been in all ages. The flames that have burned up from the stake have been so many illuminations of Christian triumphs. When God would make a great light of truth and holiness in the world he often takes great persecutions and with them strikes fire.

The devil's hate is God's glory. Had it not been for the persecutions of Emperor Valerian, the world would not have known of the courage of a Cyprian, and if the tyranny of Diocletian had never been known, the triumphant grace would not have been seen which made Maximilian, when sentenced to death, exclaim, "God be praised!" Had not the bandits of Piedmont pursued the Waldenses through the valleys of the Alps, and the infuriate decree put to massacre the Albigenses of France, the world would have had fewer illustrations of Christian heroism. Be Paul before Felix. Be Daniel before Darius.

THE GLADNESS OF THOROUGH PURITY.
Again let the story of Daniel teach us the beauty of that youthful character which remains unblemished and upright when away from home. Had

Daniel on arriving in Babylon plunged into every excess his friends in Jerusalem would never have heard of it. His dissipation and renunciation of religion would not have cast one sorrow on the family hearth where he had lived or the old family Bible which he used to read. But, though far away from home, he knew that God's eye watched him and that was enough. It is not every young man who maintains the same character when absent that was maintained at home.

Frederick watching his father's sheep among the hills or thrashing rye in the barn is far different from Frederick on the Stock exchange. How often does the kind, retiring spirit become bold and effrontery, and the accommodating, self sacrificing disposition once exhibited among brothers and sisters becomes a cold and unresponsive selfishness, and economy, wastefulness, and opened handed charity, tight fisted stinginess, and the keeping of good hours is changed into midnight revelry.

I probably address young men now distant from their father's house, and others who, still under the parental roof, look forward to a time when they will depart alone to conflict with the world and among strangers be called to build up characters for themselves. Happy for you, oh, young man, if you shall, like Joseph, be the same when living with the wicked Pharaoh as with pious Jacob, or Daniel as pure in Babylon as in Jerusalem. There is no passage in a man's life more thrilling and yet more than the day in which he leaves home and goes off to seek his fortune.

The novelty and romance connected with the departure may keep the young man from any poignant sorrow, but parents, who have seen the destruction among strangers of those who were considered promising youths, cannot help feeling that this step is full of momentous importance. Before the youth left home all his conduct was under affectionate guardianship. Outbursts of folly, carelessness and impropriety of manner and looseness of speech were kindly repressed, and although the restraint seemed sometimes too severe, yet hours of sober reflection have convinced him that it was salutary and righteous. But behold, how the scene changes.

The father, through the interceding of metropolitan friends, has secured the son a place in some bank or store or office. Schoolmates on the night before his departure come to take their farewell of the young adventurer. That morning he takes a last walk around the old place, and going past some loved spot a tear may start, but no one sees it. The trunk is on the carriage, and after a warm goodbye away they speed over the hills. Set down amid excitements and among companions not over scrupulous as to their words or deeds, temptations troop around the stranger.

The morning comes, but no family altar, and the Sabbath, but no real quiet, and perhaps at the sanctuary the faces are all strange and no one cares whether he goes to church or whether he does not go. Long winter evenings arrive and how shall they be spent? On his way home from his place of business he saw flaming placards announcing rare performances and that this great positively the last night. At the door of his cheerless boarding house no one greets him, and the evening meal is insipid, for no one cares whether he eats or does not eat. The room in the third story that evening seems doleful and repelling. A book snatched up from the stand proves to be dull, for no sister is there to look over with him.

In despair he rushes out reckless as to where he goes if only he can see something that will make him stop thinking. That night may be the turning point in his history. Once within the fatal circle of sin and the soul has no power to repel it. On that dark sea he is launched, where the gleam of joy is only the flash of the pit and the roar of laughter is only the creaking of the gates of the lost.

SAD WRECK OF WICKED YOUTH.
In many a country churchyard is now the grave of some youthful spirit that went away like and bounding, but came home diseased and crushed and blasted to disgrace the sepulcher of his fathers. Yet this exodus must be made. As from far distant hills rivers find their way through tunnels to great cities, so from far distant points of the country it is necessary that a stream of uncorrupted population shall pour into our great thoroughfares to keep them pure and manage the traffic of the world. Multitudes of such are constantly making their departure from home.

Tomorrow morning all of the thoroughfares leading toward the great cities of our land, on steamboat and rail car, there will be young adventurers for the first speeding away from their home in order to try their fortune in town. The Lord stretch forth his arm for the deliverance of these Daniels away down in Babylon. Wherever your lot may be cast—in far inland town or in some great seaport—maintain in your absence the same principles of morals and religion which may have been instilled by parental solicitude.

And while you may feel in your heart and life the advantages of early religious culture, forget not those to whom you are chiefly indebted and pray that as age comes upon them and the night of death begins to fall on their pathway the hope of heaven may beam through the darkness, lustrous and steady as the evening star. The Lord forbid that by our conduct we should ever bring disgrace on a father's name or prove recreant to the love of a mother. The poet did not exaggerate when he exclaimed:

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child.

Quinine is Very Cheap Now.
Perhaps no drug known to medicine is more generally used than quinine, and certainly none presents such a wide difference in price as the quinine sold six years ago and that sold now. At that time nearly all the cinchona bark, from which it is extracted, was brought from South America, subject to heavy import duty. But the duty was taken off, and this marked the first big decline in price. Before that time it sold for about one dollar an ounce.

Shortly after this English capitalists concluded that the bark could be grown in India as well as in South America, and large plantations were purchased. The climate and soil suited admirably, and by scientific culture the yield was greatly increased. From India the bark is largely shipped to England and the quinine extracted, being sent here in crystals—Philadelphia Record.

HER OWN WORK.

Kitty looked at me with gloved, indignant eyes—great, brown eyes with a golden light in their depths which made the small, colorless face at times positively radiant.

We were sitting on the stairs at Mrs. Crampton's last fall. There was always a crush at the Crampton mansion, and Kitty and I had made our way out of the whirling vortex of dancers at imminent risk of life and limb, and had gladly sought this last refuge. Every other corner, every room, every niche seemed overflowing with gayly dressed people in groups, but more often in pairs, laughing, chatting, flirting. And sitting here, just behind the marble statue of Psyche, I had accused Kitty Hathaway of being a flirt.

Well, it looked like it, I must confess, for she was always surrounded by an admiring group, upon whom she lavished impartial sweetness, looking all the time so demure and innocent as to almost deceive me. I, Alan Gordon, aged twenty-five, had never been in love in my life. If I were one of the crowd of cavaliers who knelt at sweet Kitty Hathaway's feet it was only because she was so altogether bewitching that I had no choice in the matter. Tonight her flirtations had exceeded their usual limit.

"Miss Kitty"—I assumed my most magisterial expression—"don't you know that it is wrong to flirt?"

"Is it?" with a swift glance, quickly withdrawn. "Who—who flirts?" Oh, yes, I know. You are referring to Annie Merton. I must confess she does, or rather tries, to flirt successfully, but I don't believe she understands the art."

"Annie Merton, indeed? I feel myself getting indignant. 'An old maid of forty at least! You know perfectly well that I am referring to a certain brown eyed maiden surnamed Hathaway. Miss Kitty, it is a shame for you to break all these loving hearts!'"

She laughed a clear, ringing laugh. "Beh! Nonsense! You men have no hearts to break. Your hearts are petrified, ossified, fossilized, and all the rest of it. You do not know what it is to love a woman truly, steadfastly."

"Kitty, stop! You are wrong, and you know it. You know that I am not a foolish, flirting fellow. You know—or you ought to know—that I love!"

"You miss Kitty! I beg ten thousand pardons, Gordon, but this is my dance. The Maenads, Miss Kitty; and you did promise it to me."

I felt like annihilating the tall young man who had made his way with difficulty to our secluded corner. But there was no hope; she must go. She rose, and I fancied a regretful look in the lovely brown eyes as she turned to me and deposited her bouquet—a magnificent collection of orchids—in my hand.

"Keep it until I return," she whispered. "If I survive this waits I will be back here; so don't go away."

My eyes met hers; I smiled and nodded—and then she was gone. And all at once it occurred to me how dark and dreary the place had grown—what a dull affair the Crampton ball had become and how I missed Kitty Hathaway.

And then something else occurred to me also—something that came crushing down upon me with sudden force, nearly depriving me of my senses. I awoke all at once to the fact that I loved her—Alan Gordon, who had long looked upon love and marriage as a remote contingency—an accident which must befall me some time, but not now. Oh, no! I was my own master; a fortune of half a million had fallen to me a year ago, and I was quite alone in the world save for my mother. She had given up the hope of my falling in love, for not the slightest fancy had ever troubled the peaceful waters of my existence. But I was awake at last to the knowledge that while I had been dreaming love had stolen in at the door of my heart, and I aroused myself to a realization of the truth when it was too late to bar the intruder out.

While I sat there, with Kitty's orchids in my hand, my eyes dreamily watching the floating white robes figure—she was all in white, a fleecy, gauzy, diaphanous material striped with silver threads, and occasionally intercepting a sly glance from the merry brown eyes from over her partner's shoulder, Mrs. Crampton, with her daughter Clara in tow, made her way with difficulty to my side.

"Dear me, Alan, what a place to sit, to be sure!" Mrs. Crampton had known me by my life, and always addressed me by my given name. "You have not met Clara since her return from school. My dear," with a swift glance into Miss Clara's face, "this is your old schoolmate and playfellow, Alan Gordon. You are five years her senior, Alan. Now I am going to leave you two to renew old friendships, while I go to Mrs. Marcy's room. I declare, the old lady is looking faint and ill!"

"No wonder; the atmosphere is stifling," I thought, as I lay my eye for Miss Clara, who sunk into the seat at my side which Kitty had vacated.

A slender, painfully slender, young lady was Miss Clara Crampton, with pale blue eyes and pale yellow hair, and an air of languor.

"Just see Kitty Hathaway!" ejaculated that young lady; "how overdone she is, and she dances all the time! See, she is flirting with young Granger!"

I looked; how could I help it? Had I not been looking at every opportunity while the dancers danced and the sweet waltz music surged upon the perfumed air? Yes, it looked like flirting, for Kitty's eyes were uplifted to Granger's handsome face, and the very manner of the little which convinced me that there was mischief brewing. Ah, well! she was not mine. I had no right to dictate or interfere.

"And you know,"—Miss Clara's voice floated across my reverie like a chill east wind—"that the Hathaways are in reduced circumstances, and Kitty is bound to marry a rich man. Dear me! she told me so, Mr. Gordon. She declares that she must marry a fortune. What is the matter?"

I made my way slowly over crowded niches back to the ballroom, to Kitty Hathaway's side. I laid the orchids in her hand.

"They are too valuable to lose," I suggested.

"They are hideous!" she cried, tossing them upon a table near. "I never could understand the beauty of an orchid any more than I can appreciate the beauty of a mushroom. But Mr. Granger sent them, and I'll—"

I bowed.

"I understood. He is the last favored suitor," I said, harshly.

Kitty lifted her eyes to gaze again with that same indignant glance, but full of pith too.

"Will you get my cloak?" she asked softly—"and please find mamma. I think I shall go home!"

With secret satisfaction I obeyed her, and when the carriage had driven away I went back to bid the hostess good night, and took my departure also.

I had made up my mind to ask Kitty Hathaway to be my wife. I loved her. Good heavens! what had I been thinking all these months, not to have found out the truth before?

I rang the bell at the pretty little home of the Hathaways the next evening. Kitty and her mother lived in a retired street, in a neat cottage which, with a small income, constituted their entire wealth.

She came into the cozy parlor where I awaited her. She was all in black, and her face was very pale. I rose and took her hand in mine at once. I would make no pretense or preparation, but would go directly to the point.

"Kitty," I whispered, "I have come to ask you to be my wife. I think I have always loved you. Kitty, Kitty, what is your answer?"

The sweet, pale face dropped.

"I—I am sorry," she murmured faintly, "but I—I cannot." All my pride was up in arms in a moment.

"You refuse me, then?" I cried bitterly. "And oh, how I love you, Kitty!"

She was trembling like a leaf, but she turned away with calm composure. I snatched up my hat and turned to the door, angry, hurt, my pride stung.

"Goodbye!" I cried wildly. "I hope I may never see you again! You are a flirt and not worthy a good man's love!" and then I dashed out of the house like a madman, and went home to my own rooms and looked myself in, alone with my dreary thoughts.

The next day I started on a journey, deciding to make a tour of the far west—visit California, Colorado and explore the Rocky mountains. Time passed and I found myself so occupied and interested with the strange sights and the new scenes whither my unquiet spirit led me that the wound in my heart began to heal. In the meantime I had kept up a correspondence with Clara Crampton. How I had drifted into it I can hardly say, but I found her a pleasant, chatty writer, and was glad to receive her letters. I had just replied to a long epistle, when news connected with some real estate of mine at home made me decide to return, and I started upon the very next train for the east.

I found my mother well, and having attended to my business turned my steps in the direction of the Crampton mansion. I rang the bell and was ushered into a small reception room, which was separated from Miss Clara's boudoir by heavy azure velvet portieres. I seated myself to await Miss Clara's coming. I learned afterward that the servant was new and untrained, and having shown me into the reception room straightway forgot to announce my arrival to the ladies. And sitting there, my presence unsuspected, I heard these words:

"Mamma"—it was Clara Crampton's voice—"do you think that he will ever propose? Alan Gordon I mean of course. Whom else have I been waiting for ever since that night when I told him that Kit Hathaway had determined to marry a fortune? And then, you know, I made Kit believe that he had told me—didn't I ever tell you about it, mamma—that he would never marry a girl without a fortune, and above all a girl who loves to flirt. In short, I made her believe that he was only amusing himself with her, and Kit is horribly proud, you know, so that accounts for Gordon going away so suddenly. I am determined to be Mrs. Alan Gordon myself, for he is worth a half million or more."

I started to my feet in utter consternation, and then the strangest thing occurred. Out from the embrasure of the long window at the other end of the room, where she had sat, hidden from my view by the heavy window curtains, came Kitty Hathaway. She had also been a victim to the blundering servant, and we two caged there together had heard our own story with all the wrong set right.

I put out both hands with a swift glance toward the portiere—a glance which Kitty interpreted to mean silence. She laid her white hands in mine, and without a word I stooped and kissed her.

At that very moment Miss Clara swept aside the portieres, falling back with a stifled shriek as her eyes fell upon the scene.

"Miss Kitty is my promised wife, Miss Crampton," I said quietly, "and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts for having set right the wrong that your own hands have wrought." Kitty has been my dear wife for many a long day, but we will neither of us ever forget the look of defeat, the horror, the consternation which rested upon Clara Crampton's face. But it was all her own work, and it was right that she should bear the penalty.—Toronto Mail.

GOES TO ALL THE WEDDINGS.
Mrs. Mary Brown, colored, is a matrimonial mascot, who never fails to be on hand at wedding events. She is aged about fifty, married, and has lived in Jeffersonville, Ind., since the war. It is said that she has attended every wedding solemnized in public places within that time—how many she cannot recall, but they number in the five figures. In some instances she has been tendered invitations, but in the majority of cases she goes whether wanted or not. No matter how fashionable the affair, nor how crowded the edifice, she takes her stand near the aisle and awaits the coming of the bride and groom elect. She is the first to leave the church, and she will descend for weeks on the loneliness of the bride and the maidens of the groom. Many times she is not wanted, but that is a small matter. She has no friends (she desires to be present, and she cares little who objects. She is a hard working woman, supporting a husband by the sweat of her brow.

FOR THE BIG DRILL

Skill to Be Displayed at the Omaha Encampment

BY THE CITIZEN SOLDIERS

This is the Centennial Year of American Militia and the National Drill Meet

Assured Great Interest.

The approaching encampment of the National Competitive Drill association, to be held in Omaha during the week beginning June 12, is but the ripe fruit of the idea embodied in the recommendation made by George Washington after the close of the Revolutionary war to the governors of the original thirteen states. The "Father of his Country" then suggested "the adoption of a proper peace establishment, in which case should be taken to place the militia throughout the Union on a proper and efficient footing."

The United States has since passed through the "general master day" period into the present national guard system, until now, as will be evidenced at the encampment at Omaha, the militia of many of the states of the Union can furnish men who in case of war would not compare unfavorably with the regular army organization.

Last September the secretary of war approved a set of new drill regulations.



COLONEL H. B. MULFORD.

recommended to him for use in the army, and these will govern all the contests at Omaha.

The contesting organizations at the encampment will find in the prizes promised enough of honor and pecuniary reward to act as powerful incentives for the putting forth of their best endeavors. There will be \$16,000 in cash prizes. Half of this amount will be assigned to the national infantry drill. But the other branches of the service will not be neglected by any means. There will also be prizes for the artillery, Gatling gun and square drills, and a sort of "consolation prize," as it were, will be given for the "maiden" infantry.

Two of the crack companies which will compete are the Belknap Rifles and the St. Louis Branch Guards. The former now hold the Galveston semi-centennial cup, representing the championship of the United States, and as there will be present the best drilled organizations from every section of the country, it may confidently be expected that the honor of capturing this much coveted trophy for the ensuing year will be stubbornly contested.

It is expected that there will be present at the encampment more than one hundred companies and drill squads, representing the flower of the national guard of the United States. Several novel features in military tactics and many magnificent drills are promised, and the large number of experts who will attend will make the coming out of every detail of the programme possible. There will be prize swords galore, as the sum of \$1,000 has been expended in purchasing these trophies, which will be awarded to the captains of the various organizations for exceptional proficiency in their duties.

Colonel H. B. Mulford, inspector general of the Nebraska national guard, is the president of the Competitive Drill association. He was elected last year at the organization in Indianapolis. At the same time Colonel John H. Altchison, of the Omaha guards, was chosen as the first secretary of the national association. Both are well known in militia circles, and both are earnest and active advocates of